A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed, ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with mee:
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, aduiſe,
And you be mine, ile giue you to my friend,
And you be not, hang, begge, ſtarue, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule, ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall euer doe thee good:
Truſt too't, bethinke you, ile not be forſworne. *Exit*
Iuliet. Is there no pittie ſitting in the cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me, for ile not ſpeake a word,
Doe as thou wilt for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iuliet. O God. O *Nurſe*, how ſhall this be preuented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth: comfort me, counſaile me:
A lacke, a lacke, that heauen ſhould practice ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou, haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort *Nurſe*, (nothing,
Nur. Faith here it is, *Romeo* is baniſhed, and all the world to
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs muſt be my ſtealth:
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hees a louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſhclout to him, an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quicke, ſo faire an eye

As

As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt, or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iu. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too, or elſe beſhrew t
Iu. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iu. Well, thou haſt comforted me maruailous r
Goe in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleaſde my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done.
Iu. Auncient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath praiſde him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſellor,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe haue power to die.
Enter Frier *and Countie* Paris.
Fri. On Thurſday ſir, the time is very ſhort.
Pa. My father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.
Fri. You ſay you doe not know the Ladies mind
Vneuen is the courſe, I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now ſir, her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome haſts our marriage,
To ſtoppe the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.